

Deer in Deadlights by ClownfuckinAround

Category: IT (Movies - Muschietti)

Genre: Cowgirl Position, Dominant Pennywise (IT), Emotional Manipulation, F/M, Mindbreak, Oneshot, Pennywise (IT) Being an Asshole, Pennywise (IT) is His Own Warning, Public Sex, Rough Sex, Teasing, Tentacle Dick, Tentacle Sex, Tentacles, Vaginal Sex, clocking in past 6000 words i feel pretty accomplished with this one, dubcon, it is also unequivocally the longest fic i've written up to this point, little more mean than usual, luckily that's just the way i like 'im, pennywise is a nasty feral shit in this, this is perhaps the most self indulgent trash i've written so far hope you're excited

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Summary:

He giggles, his voice mostly light but carrying a sinister edge to it. Tentacles are starting to wind their way around your naked body, immobilizing you in his hold, though at this point you wouldn't be able to bring yourself to break away anymore if you tried. Against all odds, he had you wrapped around his finger. How did this happen so quickly?

Reader-chan goes to the store and is stalked by something she can't name. Not until its too late, of course.

Deer in Deadlights

Author's Note:

Hot damn, this fic took some doing! If this fic seems longer than the others, that's because its been over two whole years in the making. That's right, this is the very first fic I started when I tripped headfirst into clown-obsessed hell back in 2017, and I only just now got around to finishing it. This runs rather long for a oneshot and is a bit of a slow burn, but considering this fic in particular is a labor of love for me I hope you won't mind too much. Enjoy the ride, fellas ♥□□

It was dark out, but the night was still very much young. Of course, it being that time of year again, it didn't take very long for the stars in the sky to usher the sun into its usual hiding place every evening. Typically it set by six or seven at the latest, with the last remnants of its presence manifesting in ethereal brush strokes of purples, oranges, and reds in the atmosphere dissolving slowly over the horizon. You didn't have many good reasons to leave the house outside of work. All the people you kept in contact with after high school were usually busy with their own lives and you were busy with yours. This was to be expected of course, but it was nonetheless rather frustrating the way your schedules were constantly out of sync. Forget making plans, you can't even remember the last time you'd seen any of them. It was a lonely way to live for sure, but you didn't care to bother anyone in an effort to set anything up. Not like there was much to do where you lived anyway, as Derry didn't have much to offer in the way of attractions beyond the occasional elusive carnival, conveniently out of town at the moment. Depressing though it was, the harsh reality of surviving day to day was more important than having a social life at the moment, or partaking in any kind of leisurely recreational outing.

Every day you were confined to the same punishingly dull agenda. You got up, worked your shift (more than often putting in overtime whenever you dared summon the energy), came home, ate, and went to bed. Sometimes you stayed up late (much to the detriment of your

sleep schedule and overall health), halfheartedly pursuing one hobby or another or making late night grocery runs. The perpetuity of this was wearing you down by the day, even if it had done so steadily and without your notice. You're slipping further and further into self neglect, worse for wear and utterly jaded after only a few short months of the same daily grind. Perhaps it was a blessing that no one could see you right now, because truth be told, you were a complete mess.

You got out of your car, switching off the headlights and making sure to lock it as you close the door behind you. Today had been especially exhausting, and more than anything you just wanted to sleep, so you resolve to make this grocery run as efficient and painless as possible. You hum to yourself, stuffing your keys into your pocket and making sure you had everything you needed before you went on your way. Weary though you were, you still enjoyed the ride over, finding driving a relaxing past-time especially at night. The roads clear, and your only companions being the occasional passing streetlight, you had your favorite music cranked and were singing along passionately as you cruised down the main thoroughfare of the town. Your voice rising and falling with the melody as well as subtly mimicking the inflection in which it was sung, you drummed on the steering wheel and got lost in the words, the ones you'd sung perhaps hundreds of times before and that you knew by heart, and before you knew it you'd come upon your destination.

There's nary another soul around, and your dimmed headlights leave you alone with the uneasiness of the poorly lit parking lot. Not that you expected a place like this to be particularly warm and welcoming at this late hour, but it gave you the creeps nonetheless. It felt cold and desolate, almost abandoned. It was mostly empty with a few cars here and there and, having seen some wear and tear over the years, many of the parking spots had faded, barely distinguishable lines. Lines far less distinguishable in the dead of night than during the day, no doubt. You hear nothing around you but the faint whispers of the wind and the occasional distant rustling of crisp leaves to denote the fresh arrival of autumn, though you couldn't tell if that was reassuring or simply more unnerving. Dim flickering orange-tinted light fixtures loom over your head, peppered sparsely throughout the lot and providing visibility but not much else.

Certainly not a sense of comfort , you think to yourself with a shudder.

The chill of the nighttime air was already seeping its way into your bones, so you stuffed your hands into the shallow pockets of your jeans as you keep a wary eye on the surroundings in your peripherals. You started to get a vague feeling in your gut that you were being watched but you shrugged it off, chalking it up to your usual overdramatic paranoia as you make for the entrance at a brisk pace. You stop dead in your tracks, however, when you hear behind you the all-too-familiar telltale sound of one of your car doors opening and closing shut.

What the *fuck*?

Despite the fact that your stomach is now six feet below where you stand, you take a deep breath and force yourself to turn and look back, though to your utter confusion there was no unusual sight to greet you. It was as though you had completely imagined it, but the *vividness* of it... It was just too real. You look around, braced for *something* , though that something was entirely lost on you. Was some asshole playing a prank? Were you being Punk'd right now? Even if that show were still running, the likelihood of Ashton Kutcher having any reason to be in the nowhere town of Derry, Maine was rather slim to none so you decide, no, that cannot be the case. You *had* been rather sleep deprived lately, so there is all the dubious possibility that it could be just your imagination and nothing more. Reeling in another deep breath through your nose, you pause a little longer with bated breath to make sure nothing really was there, and once you could no longer stand the silence of the parking lot and the disorienting glow of the orange lights looming overhead, you whip back around so you can bolt inside the store and escape the monsters, real or imaginary, that chased you. The light fixtures seem to stare in silent judgement as you leave them behind.

The fluorescent lights inside were jarring and painfully bright in comparison, but at this point you drank it in gladly, finding it far preferable to the dingy and vaguely threatening ambience waiting for you just outside the automatic doors. Dull as the orange lights were, however, you recall they were quite piercing to the eye. Almost gave you a headache just looking at them, much to your confusion and dismay. You grab a cart, shaking the thought from your mind as you

breathe a quiet sigh of relief, imagined threats to your wellbeing fading from the foreground of your conscience now that you were inside the store's impenetrable walls. You smile weakly, resolving to simply forget the freak occurrence so you could be back home by the next hour. You could already feel yourself melting underneath the pleasant warmth of your comforter, snuggling up to your body pillow that was so plush and soft that it seemed to sometimes hug you back, the gentle hum of the air vent above lulling you to sleep and bringing you away from the monotonous nightmare of existing day to day, if only for a short while.

It turns out that brushing off the events from earlier isn't as easy as you had previously thought, as you find yourself thinking about it no matter how often or how earnestly you tried to banish it from your head. You already intended to make quick work of this errand, but the adrenaline pumping through your veins saw to it that you did so in a way much more jumpy and skittish than you would have liked. You weren't the type to get so easily shaken up, that's why your body's innate reaction was so disconcerting to you. You couldn't shake it. Your mind replays the terrifying scenario time and time again, the sound of your car door slamming shut ringing in your ears, perfect stereo sound to accompany the insistent thumping of your heart against your chest. You thought it simply might burst out, rooted to the spot as your every drop of blood in your body screamed out that *something is wrong, go home*. It was all so palpable in a way you couldn't wrap your brain around, no matter how many angles you approached it from. The thought of someone camping out in your backseat without your notice was already a rather horrid thought to entertain, but you then remember that you were rather embarrassingly belting out musical numbers at the top of your lungs not ten minutes earlier and this easily made the hypothetical substantially worse than it was before. The vague possibility that you could have been heard has your face hot to the touch with mortification and you force yourself to banish these wayward thoughts from your mind. You knew how stupid and implausible it all was, so why did your gut feel so... Wrong?

You were just about finished with the little list you'd made. As you went along, you looked over your shoulder every so often. Made quick little perimeter checks. Kept a vigilant eye for anything weird,

vaguely monstrous, or even slightly out of the ordinary. You didn't really know what you were looking for, to be quite honest. So far your paranoia was proving utterly unfruitful, and while this was in ways a blessing it was also a curse to the ever-growing suspicions you had which refused to stay quiet. You stop your cart to take a moment to collect yourself, taking a few deep breaths in through your nose and out through your mouth like you'd been told to do so many times during these kinds of episodes. You press your hands to your cheeks and the heat from your face almost seems to transfer into your palms. You no longer feel the flush overwhelming your senses. All you can hear is the sound of faint music playing overhead (some current pop chart, unsurprisingly), and as you begin to walk again the sounds of your footsteps working in tandem with the melody and the insistent squeak in one of the cart's wheels served to bring a strange feeling of ease and comfort to you. Odd though it was, you take anything you can get as your misgivings and dread start to fade at long last, melting away and becoming nothing more than an afterthought. Your mind started finding different topics to dwell on, finally giving you some much needed peace.

You steer your cart up towards the coolers, opening one of the suctioned doors to retrieve the last item at the bottom of your list, a gallon of milk. The iciness of the freezer inside nips at your hand and even blows gentle breaths of cold air onto your face and neck as you grabbed the last one in the row by the handle. You heft it out, but you catch sight of something and drop it, backing into your cart. The freezer door slams shut. You see its silhouette in the shadows, its presence undeniable now with the frost on the door only adding to its almost ghostly appearance. What looks to be a large, gloved hand grips the shelf in front of you, idly drumming its long fingertips against the metal. The freezer room is so dark that, regardless of how you strain your eyes, you can't make out anything other than what looks like an arm clad in ruffles and smoky silk, but you knew it had to belong to someone or something. You're frozen almost like a deer in

(deadlights),

refusing to blink as you continue to stare in morbid confusion and abject horror. Then, knowing it has your attention, it waves.

Beckoning you forth, inviting you to open the door back up and acquiesce to its tacit demands, to greet whatever stood there in the shadow of the dark freezer. But you can't. Won't. You breathe heavily, finding your footing once more and backing into your cart again. Drunk with panic you clumsily grip the handle with both hands and flee from the aisle, not looking back for fear of seeing whatever was there following behind at your heels. It didn't matter that you left your milk behind, as the extenuating circumstances made quite clear to you. All that mattered was getting out of there as soon as humanly possible. You didn't simply want to go home, it was an urgent need at this point.

Even in your haste and panic you were pleased to find that the self-check was still open and operational (social anxiety is a 24 hour gig, sad to say), so you made your way to a kiosk and began to scan the things in your cart in rapid fire. In the midst of this dread-filled frenzy you impulsively snatch a candy bar off the shelf next to you, thinking that for all the mental gymnastics you were enduring tonight you deserved some chocolate at the very least. You scan it before throwing it into a bag, didn't matter which one. You paid for your purchases with a frantic swipe of your debit card but are so lost in your overwhelming desire to get the fuck out of dodge that you leave without collecting your receipt. The cashier overseeing the self-check bids you a good night but you don't respond. You hardly even heard them, your eardrums thrumming so loudly in your head that there was only static. Bags in hand, you steel yourself to walk out the automatic doors and make a beeline to your car. Looking out, you find it right where you left it on the other end of the store.

The headlights were on.

This markedly unusual sight causes a new surge of panic to course through you, like a bolt of lightning had struck your exact coordinates from above. The paranoia, back again, falls over you like a bucket of ice water, glacial and shocking to your system. Your good sense is fractured beyond repair now. Had you somehow managed to leave your car turned on the entire time? You dig through your pocket in a desperate search for your keys and to your relief you feel your fingers close around the familiar ring of metal, but immediately the question that was answered is replaced with one of separate but

equal importance. Why the hell were your headlights still on? You know you turned them off before you left, you always did, there was no mistaking it. What the fuck was going on here? Your brain screams at you to leave your car behind and make a run for it, imploring you to abandon all rationality for the sake of your own immediate safety, but your numb legs trudge towards it anyway against all better judgement. You almost feel as though you've lost earthly control of your limbs, each step getting heavier and heavier until they descend into near stomping, almost as though you'd summoned enough bravado to confront the force of nature that's been toying with you all this time. Curiously however, when you finally get there, there is no longer any light to speak of. It was almost as though it were simply a mirage, and as you came closer it magically dissipated to reveal its illusionary nature.

You began to quake with fear, rooted to the spot in which you now stood. You could hardly suppress the queasiness in your stomach now; it trembled at the surface of your being, ready to wash over you at any moment. You compel yourself forward, making your way to the back of your car so you can throw your groceries in the trunk and leave this godforsaken place. As you move, inspecting the interior of the car, you take no notice of anyone or anything hiding inside. You swallow hard, pulling your key ring from your pocket again and unlocking your trunk. You lift the door but before you could process it something huge that towers over you emerges from your trunk's depths and pounces. The sheer force of it slamming into you was enough to knock the wind out of you as well as send you both tumbling back into the underbrush. Your vision blurs as a result of the harsh impact against the ground but comes back surprisingly quick and you look up, frantically gulping air into your empty lungs, to finally register the thing pinning you down. It stares at you far too intensely for comfort, blinking slowly with piercingly bright amber (*orange*) eyes.

It is what looks to be a man, or at least something that looks remarkably like one. He's wearing clownface, and with it a wolfish grin that boasts his set of gleaming, razor sharp teeth. You take note of his hair, burnt wisps of perfectly coiffed muted wildfire that you find yourself resisting the urge to run your fingers through. He looks feral and hungry, and above all, he reeks of nothing but malicious

intent. It scares, shakes you to your core how much you can practically *feel* that nothing is right about him, and you're suddenly met with the terrifying realization that you surely won't get out of this-- whatever the hell this was-- alive. He begins to giggle at you, and the sound of it makes you shrink underneath his weight pinning you down. It wasn't a human sound, that much was certain.

"HAhAhAHahA! Pennywise finally caught you, little naughty thing! How rude of you, pet, to run away from poor old Pennywise, even after I was so kind as to wave at you. Oh well-- Doesn't matter much now, does it? I've got you all to myself, precious! Nowhere to run and nowhere to hide! HeEhEeEhEhEEhEEHeeHeE!"

He cuts off his shrieking laughter and falls into abrupt silence, and punctuating the silence between you now is a low, fearsome snarl as he favors you with wordless scrutiny. It didn't seem to come from him but rather, it almost seemed to shake up through the ground beneath you like an earthquake. He looks thoughtful for a second, as though he was being real careful about what he intended to say to you next. His mouth then splits into an even bigger leer than before and he leans a little closer to you before the words spill from his lips in a hushed whisper, like he was going to tell you some kind of delicious, dirty little secret.

"...Pennywise listened to your singing the whole way here, you know. How cute it was! You humans do the silliest things when you think you're alone, don't you?"

Your face burns with furious embarrassment and an attempt to cover your face proves fruitless as you realize he has both your wrists in a vice grip. Your body feebly struggling beneath him does little to deter his impossible dense weight on top of you, though he finds your attempts to escape him awfully amusing as he leans closer to your face to smell you, *inspect* you. He begins at your neck, inhaling deeply at the pulse before dragging his nose upward toward your cheek and continuing his bewildering exploration. His plump, red lips brush against the hot warmth of your face, leaving a trail of drool, thick and viscous, in its wake to collect there. You wince at how cold it feels on your cheek and shudder in disgust as he pulls back. You observe more drool, more drool dripping almost seamlessly from the corners of his mouth, no doubt a physical indication of his intense

and ravenous hunger. He reaches a hand down to stroke the side of your face, a gesture far more mocking than it could ever be loving or affectionate.

"Ohhhhhhhh, little pet.... Pennywise can see that you're just steeping in fear. Can smell it, even taste it..."

He licks his lips, and beneath the weight of his stare you are an already dead carcass at the mercy of starving buzzards. He leans close and speaks softly, nearly gentle, his voice almost a conversation between a lullaby and nails on a chalkboard.

"I can't wait to enjoy every part of you... Pennywise is hungry, you know, he hasn't eaten in a while. He'd like to sink his teeth into you *riiiiiiiight* now; rip, tear your skin open and take the deeeeee *licious* spoils waiting inside. But maybe... Maybe if you're good for him, if you sing for him again, he'll save you for another time, hmm? Maybe he'll even keep you, if you behave well enough...Would you like that, precious girl?"

Your eyes widen. If you were... *good* for him? What could he possibly mean by that? He couldn't... Oh *god* . But what else was there? The paralyzing fear began welling up in your throat again, coming through you in a quiet, sobbing whimper that felt like a two ton weight around your poor throat.

He seems to read your mind, clicking his tongue at you like an adult would an errant child.

"Now now, that's no way to be. You're an adult, yes? Pennywise would like for you to act like one. Be a big girl and stop your sobbing, that's right... It won't get you anywhere. Pennywise will do what Pennywise wants with his new little shiny toy, and no amount of blubbering or waterworks will change his mind. Now..."

He draws a hand through your hair, snagging the silk of his fingers there in the tresses at your scalp and the other draws its way in a gentle caress down the side of your cheek before beginning to tug curiously at the clothes covering your body. This only served to exacerbate the welling panic inside you, and a new rush of choked sobs falls over you more frantic and urgent than before despite your

best efforts to keep quiet. You felt utterly pathetic and degraded, and you knew your behavior was likely to get you killed faster but still you couldn't stop. He shushes you but you can't control yourself as you shudder away from his touch, doing anything and everything in your power to get away in that moment, whining and sobbing and fussing all the while. This proves a useless countermeasure, however, as these small displays of defiance are enough to welcome a flash of his ire and his hand, tangled in your hair, tugs sharply to give you a silent warning against continuing this foolish behavior.

Satisfied at having suitably cowed you into submission with such a simple gesture he draws back his hand, revealing to your terror-stricken eyes gnarly talons with deadly purpose ripping through the once-pristine fabric of his gloves. You try your best to bite back a shriek but it comes through unimpeded, the night mocking you with your own echoed pleas as he makes one decisive slash down the center of your blouse, ripping it away impatiently like a child opening a present on Christmas morning. The occasional passerby walks obliviously to their car as though they'd never heard your screams. Now more than ever you feel the numbing cold of the night's air as it pervades the surface of your increasingly bare body, the sound of each sickening tear increasing in volume until it was a near maddening assault on your ears. Time seemed to speed up and slow to a crawl all at once, the paralyzingly intense fear you felt seeming to have lasted eons yet, in the blink of an eye, you now lay before him in nothing but a pair of flimsy cotton panties to shield you. Everything else was ruined now, torn to the point of being unrecognizable and tossed aside without care.

It was a matter of mere seconds before your last defense was gone too, taking no more than a single effortlessly savage yank from Pennywise before you were divested of your panties as well; the coup de grace to all that stood between you both flung into the depths of the underbrush never to be seen again. Now completely naked, you lay at the utter mercy of a monster with no intention of playing nice with you. Tears well in your eyes and you try to scream again but can only summon another whine that gurgles up into more breathless sobs in your throat. He grins and sidles up between your legs, keeping you pinned as he moves ever closer... He's licking delicate trails up your thighs, making his way to your core as you wriggle and

squirm beneath his ministrations. He's getting closer and closer to his chosen destination, snuffling hungrily at you as hot breath tickles your bare cunt. You can feel the tingling foundations of pleasure beginning in your loins and seeping down into the curl of your toes; against your will and better judgement, your body wanted this, it wanted him, and you hated it. You fall silent in horror as you watch his mouth unhinge grotesquely, impossibly, revealing a mouth of razor-sharp teeth and slinking about inside... A long, sinuous, slimy tongue, that unfolds out of the cavernous reaches of his mouth and makes its way between your thighs. But just as you brace yourself for its touch he stops dead in his tracks and pulls away, the most disgustingly devilish smirk playing on his face as he observes the patent disappointment apparent on your own; the way you huff miserably in dismay, trying to restrain yourself from begging him to continue what he was doing.

It would seem he had other plans in store for you, each action of his a calculated step in his plan to slowly pull you apart at the seams. Suddenly full of energy he sits up and yanks you by the wrists out of your supine position into one arguably more vulnerable. Into his lap you go, being carefully positioned like a doll on top of him with deliberate intent, spreading your legs so you face him, straddling his crotch as something thrashes beneath you with a frightening sentience, forcing itself up against the slickness of your cunt, teasing you, tickling, stroking at your entrance. The senseless fog of lust is starting to cloud your mind now, you become a slave to your own wanton whims in mere seconds as you wriggle and writhe in his hold, whining like a bitch in heat for him. He is nothing short of ecstatic to observe your abrupt change in temperament, dipping his head to meet yours as he holds your hazel gaze. His voice is low and husky as he speaks.

"Can I take it you've warmed up to me, pet? You seem eager... Tell me, sweetness, do you want me? Do you want my cock?"

It rubs against your clit and you cry out, simpering for him in pure need, gripping his shoulders with fingers clammy and trembling as your hips wiggle with a capricious impatience. You can't look away from him, though you find the intensity of his gaze intimidating.

He giggles, his voice mostly light but carrying a sinister edge to it.

Tentacles are starting to wind their way around your naked body, immobilizing you in his hold, though at this point you wouldn't be able to bring yourself to break away anymore if you tried. Against all odds, he had you wrapped around his finger. How did this happen so quickly?

"You have to say it, pet. Say it, tell me."

You feel you have no choice.

"I w-want... I want your... Oh god...." You're so mortified, so overcome with embarrassment despite your lust that he chuckles, watching you with endearment as you lower your gaze out of utter humiliation. He rifles a hand through your hair playfully and lets it come down to rest gently at the slope of your jaw. "I... I..."

"Say it." He whispers darkly, gently tilting up your chin to look at him again. Drool falls from his lips as he favors you with his golden stare. One eye is settled on your flushed face, the other wandering some place decidedly more lewd, just a little further down at your breasts, nipples perky and hard from the night's frigid air. "...You can do it, you *can* ."

"I w... I w-want your cock, Pennywise."

"Good *güüüirl* ." he purrs, beaming down at you. "See? That wasn't so hard, was it? Now *this*- This *will* be."

His hands move quickly and you cannot process his actions in time. He brings them down to your hips and slams you down on top of him, the entire length of his cock filling your cunt in one brutal thrust. You *scream* in pain and he lets out a fit of shrieking laughter. Your conjunctive sounds fill the empty parking lot, but it falls on deaf ears, not a soul to be found, not a soul to bear witness to your suffering. The pain is dizzying, savage and burning and unfathomable, and it only seems to worsen as you continue to sit astride him. The muscles in your cunt work frantically to accommodate his impossible girth, this violent intrusion, and without consideration to your misery (almost, rather, in gleeful acknowledgement of it instead), he pulls out and begins a slow but punishing rhythm inside of you, keeping you close as he works in and

out of your cunt.

"Oh me, oh my... Doesn't it hurt, sweet thing? I'm ever so sorry... I should have been more careful, should have been more slow, should have taken my time... Oh well."

He juts his hips up harshly, issuing another deep and painful thrust that has the tip of his cock slamming against your cervix. Tears sting your eyes and you squirm in his lap, shaking, seeing stars, faint from the pain and hiccuping inconsolable sobs. He greedily drinks in your agony, finding it the most irresistible encouragement to his despicable whims, growling in utter pleasure, savoring your delicious tightness around his cock. He hooks strong arms underneath yours to pull you ever closer to him, trapping you, like a spider descending on its silk-wrapped prey.

Thankfully the pain does ease with time, but soreness settles in with the fullness of his length inside you. No choice but to continue in his rhythm, you find yourself melting into it, bouncing on his cock with increasing momentum. You can hear the noises of your bodies joined together, isolated in the deafening emptiness of the lot; lewd wet sounds that stoke the burning color on your face and leave you further ensnared in the toxicity of his hypnotic influence. He hums with delight at the way you meet his thrusts now, insectile chitters underscoring the sounds of his labored breaths. His carrion stench is dizzying, raw and powerful and indicative of his imposing aura.

"Ohhhhhhohhhohoho... Tasty little thing, good little pet, taking my cock so well... I must say, dearest kitten, you seem to be enjoying yourself an awful lot..." He dips his head and takes your face in his hands, all while maintaining his quick thrusting pace inside you. The look in his eyes is dangerous and intimate, glinting with something sinister and deadly. He wears the most disgustingly evil sneer on his face and you shrink away from it.

"...Almost *too* much, I wonder... Should I kill you, my dear?"

Cold fear strikes your heart and he grins. His lips are wet with drool. He breathes heavily, almost enraptured at the thought.

"It would be so easy, too easy... How vulnerable you are, here in my

arms, *why* ... I could crush your skull like a grape *right now* ." He squeezes your skull ever so slightly, applying pressure with insidious silken fingers to offer a glimpse of his strength and you gasp, stricken with dread and panic.

"P-please.... P... Please don't--"

"Like a lamb to slaughter, sweet thing. And you're here, debasing yourself, putting yourself in harm's way for the simplicity of pleasure, for something that is not even guaranteed... You are but a primitive creature driven by lust, why should I not just... Snuff you out before you can accomplish your goal? Take you for my next meal, satisfy my *own* hunger, right here and now? Why should I not kill you, sweetness?"

He's amused by your lack of words, your frantic agency to plead your case struggling to conjure a defense for your survival but coming up distressingly short.

"P-Pennywise--"

He hits you with an especially deep thrust and you are even further enslaved to silent shock, the combination of fear with the lusciously sublime pleasure rolling over you in endless waves leave you without words to defend yourself.

In the seconds that crawl by, this infinite time loop of sickening fear and terror, he's becoming more visibly unhinged; harsh animalistic growls accompany his thrusts now, the talons have returned, snagging painfully into your scalp from either side of your head. His face is becoming a mangled mess of razor teeth, his mouth opening wider and obscuring the rest of his facial features as the abyssal void inside his cavernous maw stares back into you, small and frightened and trembling below him. The voice that emerges from beyond the darkness is something terrifying.

"I know, oh I know, how much you've thought about this. But did you ever stop to consider how it might feel, the moments just before death? Have you ever wondered, sweetness? The *fear* , the *regret* you might feel just before all is lost?"

You're getting closer, you're breathless with terror. All there is in this moment is sensation. You're a broken record, panic stampeding through what's left of your consciousness.

"P-Please-- Please don't!"

"Please don't, oh please!" He's mocking you now, and shrieks with laughter like a hyena. "Oh Pennywise, please don't, I'll do anything!"

His tone is darker now, and it trickles into your mind, murky and slithering and poisonous.

I can do whatever I want with you. You belong to me now.

He rears his head back, and time slows to a crawl as he snaps forward. You scream, your voice cutting through the cold air like a rusty knife. In that moment, his cock hits you in just the right way and you cum, anticipating the incalculable sensation of death's icy grip over you at any second; the raw and agonizing torment of eternal last moments spent bleeding out between the jaws of a wicked beast, before the black inevitably takes you and you depart from this dreadful plane of existence forever. But instead, there is only him drawing in close, and he seeks your lips in a brutal and dominating kiss as you ride out your pleasure on top of him, squealing and writhing, *sobbing* into his mouth, spellbound and utterly broken by his hand. When he pulls back he takes you with him, pulls you against his chest as he cums inside you, unleashing a resonant roar so utterly horrific and earth shattering that a chill runs down your spine and you're certain that all of Derry must have heard it. You want to pull away but you are trapped, can't escape his hold; you almost feel as though in this moment, you've become one with him, this strange and enigmatic creature who instills such raw and primal fear in you. You're absolved of all your bodily strength, all you can do in this moment is slump into him as he holds you close, stroking delicate hands down your hair and cooing the most sugary sweet praises down into your ear. He's gentle and soothing in his tone, something you welcome all too readily in the aftermath of this encounter. The numbing tingle of your orgasm has left you in shock.

"Sweet, delicious little thing, how fun you are to play with..." he sighs reverently, brushing a lock of hair behind your ear. "You sang

so beautifully, so good for Pennywise... I do think I *will* keep you after all.”

There is a beat of silence between you, and all that’s present in the air are the wind’s hushed murmurs with the restless stirring of crisp autumn leaves on the ground beside you. He hums vacantly in thought.

“Yes, yes... Pennywise has made up his mind. A new toy for him to play with, a fun toy, and he won’t be letting go anytime soon.”

You’re at a loss for words, you’re unsure of what to even say to this. You don’t dare speak, fearing that you may just anger him if you challenge his words. Despite the warmth in his current behavior, you knew far better than to trust it, knowing all too well that you were still in just as much danger as before.

He looses a lighthearted chuckle, stroking you fondly with silken fingers.

Maybe not ever...

Before you can think to respond the deafening pop of a balloon sounds in your ear. Your eyes shut tight.

You open them again, rediscovering consciousness in a much more comforting setting. You wake in bed at home and immediately wince upon sitting up, drawing back the warmth of the covers to discover a painted canvas of bruises and scratches upon your flesh. Despite the coziness of your comforter you’re shivering, and you can’t for the life of you figure out why. And then you realize it. There, sitting at the edge of your desk is the candy bar from last night. The one you bought in a panic before you ran out to the parking lot. Before you...

It was all real. He was coming back.

You lay in bed, your head in your hands, shaking. Waiting.